The Salt Lake Herald.

Published Every Day By

THE HERALD COMPANY.

POWER AND LIGHT RATES.

THE HERALD OF YESTERDAY had a most interesting talk from a high authority on the possibility of competition here in the electric light and power field. In it the public was assured that the promoters of the project for an independent plant will find it a costly undertaking to put wires underground and furnish current at less than the present rates.

Of course the anxiety expressed for fear the newcomers have not estimated the difficulties ahead is to be taken, in a Pickwickian sense, and the declaration that Salt Lake is getting as cheap light and power as most other cities of its class needs a barrel of salt to make it digestible.

If anybody with capital offers to furnish cheaper electricity and can give bond for the performance of the service, the merchants and householders of the city are not going to sit up worrying for fear the independent plant may lose money. Nor is it likely that the men who promise to invest a large sum in the plant are going into it for amusement without investigating the prospects of a return on their capital.

As a matter of fact, the demand for power in the mining camps, smelters and factories hereabouts is so great that the old company is finding it hard to supply the demand without impairing its city service. It is no uncommon thing to find the lights reduced in efficiency because of the lack of current from the present supply. At a lower and still reasonable rate for power the manufacturing capacity of the city and surrounding country could be greatly increased, to the profit of the whole community, without injury to any interest.

The Herald does not know how far the backers of the independent plant have gone with their plans; but it has been assured by prominent business men that the enterprise has ample capital to carry out any assurances that may be given, and it believes there is ample room for such a plant if it is conducted with due regard for the city's interests.

HON. H. DINK KENNA IN SALT LAKE.

SALT LAKE HAS HAD A LARGE NUMBER of distinguished visitors this year. By no means the least important of these is the Hon. Hinky Dink Kenna, Chicago's brilliant First ward statesman. Besides having the distinction of being called "my little frien' Mike" by the "Bath-house," Mr. Kenna is known among his constituents as a man "who never trun down a right gazaboy." He believes firmly in combining business with politics, and of making both pay. His suite of rooms at the Knutsford attest to the success with which he has put his theory into practice.

In Salt Lake Mr. Kenna will find in the field of practical politics nothing of the magnitude that his own First ward affords. But he will find much that will be interesting, and that will keep him from feeling like a stranger in a strange land. He will find a water system so skilfully manipulated that the more money the taxpayers put into it the less water they take out. This is bound to appeal strongly to the Chicago statesman, for the saloons of his native First ward are adorned with nickel-in-the-slot gambling machines that operate on precisely this theory.

Mr. Kenna will also behold a sprinkling system that does very effective work in spots, and very ineffective in others. This will be so reminiscent of the way the midnight closing law works in the region of some of his competitors and doesn't work with him that he may come to believe that water has some other use besides that of cleansing. When he finds that the city has a mayor who is so busy enforcing the law against selling liquor to children that he hasn't time to close the saloons on Sunday he will be forced to the conclusion that there are great city executives outside of Chicago.

In fact, the Hon. Mr. Kenna should find much in Salt Lake to cheer and inspire him in his heroic labor of teaching the public how it can be worked. But it is to be feared that when he discovers that there are aldermen here who have made passes to a 50-cent show a burning issue he will have a poor opinion of our city fathers. Dignity is not a strong point with representatives of the First ward of Chicago, but none of them has ever been known to engage in an unseemly scramble for four bits.

WEATHER FORECASTS BY WIRE.

A DISCOVERY, CREDITED TO A GERMAN PHYSICIAN, of an easy method of foretelling changes in the weather by listening to the sound the wind makes when passing through telegraph or telephone wires, is related by the Western Electrician.

The discoverer of the idiosyncrasies of the wind-twanged wires had noticed that when the wires made a particularly shrill sound when struck by the wind that a heavy storm, accompanied by a large fall of snow or rain, followed within forty-eight hours. Growing interested, he conducted a series of close investigations with the result that he now claims it is easy by simply listening to the wires to detect the approach of a storm a day or two ahead and estimate its size. Thus, a deep sound, he says, which is of considerable or medium strength indicates that there will be slight showers of rain with moderate winds within thirty to forty-eight hours. A sharp, shrill sound is a sure herald of a heavy storm with plenty of rain or snow.

This phenomenon is said to be explained by the expansion or contraction of the wires under barometric changes in the atmosphere. Thus it has a scientific basis as strong as the barometer on which to stand, and certainly a good bit better than the housewife's superstition about the cat's washing its face. But in spite of its scientific backing it is doubtful if the wire-singing method of weather prognostication will ever get any recognition from those fortunate or unfortunate mortals who are endowed with prophetic corns. Wherever one of these is found he will remain the undisputed autocrat on weather predictions or know the reason why.

HOUSEWIVES' TRUST THREATENED.

AT A MEETING OF THE WORKING WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION of America, held in Chicago last Thursday, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, former president of the National Federation of Women's clubs, said that she was convinced that the Servant Girls' union would result in forcing a combination of housewives.

"An industrial, moral and social revolution is going on in the home, as in other institutions," said Mrs. Henrotin. "It is generally thought that an organization of domestic employees will not succeed. Many people are absolutely terrified when you speak of an organization of domestic employees. They think it means domestic revolution. But it is going to force employers into organization. The prejudice of employers against trades unionism will vanish."

Here we have the promise of a trust of a magnitude and power which dwarfs the steel combine into insignificance. When the National Housewife company is incorporated with a capital stock that will embrace the contents of all the pantries and refrigerators in the Union, it is little they will not be able to do. Suppose this great combine gets into a labor battle with the servants' union. It goes without saying that the strikers will have the police departments with them, but all the other resources will be at the command of the trust. It can replace every union servant that throws down her dishrag and walks out by a scab husband. With their absolute control of the pantries and kitchens, they can soon starve any bellicose husband into submission.

In view of these possibilities Mrs. Henrotin's declaration that the prejudice of the housewives against the union will soon vanish sounds ominous. The words seem to conceal a threat. It looks as if Mrs. Henrotin is thinking of a time when the new trust will be able to run the household on a thoroughly non-union basis, by enslaving the unsuspecting husbands of America in the kitchen, thus leaving it with no cause for complaint against the union. This may not be the plot, but there is evidently something hatching, and the future looks squally for the men folk.

REVIVING SHIP SUBSIDY TALK.

THERE IS GOOD REASON to believe that in spite of the disaster that overtook the ship subsidy bill in the last session of congress the advocates of subsidies are by no means ready to give up the fight. Even now they are talking about the possibilities of success in the next session of congress, and at least one amended bill has been prepared for introduction.

It will be interesting to hear what arguments will be advanced next year for suddenly rushing to the aid of the shipping industry with millions of the public's money. Never, since steel boats began to supercede wooden craft, has the ship building industry been in so prosperous condition as it is today. Every ship yard on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards and on the lakes is busy, and rates have greatly increased both in number and capacity. Government statistics show that in 1900 116,460 tons of sailing vessels and 202,528 tons of steel craft were built in America. In 1899 the tonnage constructed was 93,073 and 151,058 respectively, for sailing and steam vessels. The year before the figures were 34,416 and 105,848. In one department the output trebled, in the other it is practically doubled. This looks like pretty fair progress in three years. This year's figures will undoubtedly give a still better showing.

Had the Republicans taken up the shipping industry when it was really an insignificant one they might have claimed that they were actuated by patriotic motives in clamoring for subsidies, but now, when the industry has shown its ability to stand on its own bottom and has made fortunes for a large number of men, an attempt to add to these fortunes out of the public treasury can make no pretence at patriotism. A more fitting term would be wholesale robbery.

For really first-class house robbing we shall probably have to wait until the burglars get next to the curves of the automobile.

Lord Kitchener's pen doesn't seem to be any mightier than his sword.

IN CURVES.

When some Kentucky militiamen tried to toss Governor Beckham in a blanket he fled in dismay. He doubtless remembered the rough handling he has had in the Republican sheets.

The public will either have to dig up or quit digging, for a shovel trust is in process of formation.

Kipling is now writing a story on "how the leopard got his spots." It is a more congenial task than explaining how the lion got his swats.

Having successfully dissolved his French relations, the sultan is probably wishing he could dispose of his wives' relations in the same simple way.

Some authorities declare that intemperance is rapidly decreasing, but to a casual observer the temperance advocates seem to be just as intemperate as ever.

The Society for the Suppression of Spurious Titles should lose no time in investigating the case of "Historian" Maclay.

High Art.

The horsethief was a picture of despair.

The members of the vigilance committee were rude and unlettered men, but they understood line drawing.

So they hung the picture.

Many a young man who starts out to write his name on the highest pinnacle of fame is satisfied in later years if he can have it respected on the lower portion of a check.

Discrimination.

The poorer D. D.'s
Who by their degrees
Make the preachers quite warm in the collar,
But rich men may get
The whole alphabet,
And you never hear anyone holler.

SOCIETY.

Miss Mary V. Cox leaves tomorrow for Seattle. She will be joined in a week or two by her mother, Mrs. Virginia L. Cox.

Mrs. Lillian V. Rancke and Miss Eloise Rancke have returned from a pleasant outing at Bingham.

Mr. Allen and daughter, Miss Clara Allen, leave this week for their home in Nebraska City, after a visit of several weeks with Mrs. Andrew Macdougall.

Miss Delia R. Snow returned last evening from California, where she has been summering in the Santa Cruz mountains.

Mrs. Ethelbert Talbot and Miss Talbot, wife and daughter of Bishop Talbot of Central, Pa., are the guests for a week of the family of Bishop Abiel Leonard. Bishop Talbot will arrive about Wednesday to spend a few days.

The ladies of the Poets' Round Table were entertained at the home of Mrs. David Evans yesterday afternoon.

Miss A. N. McIntosh leaves tomorrow for a month's visit in eastern cities, including Chicago, Toledo, O., and New York.

There will be a meeting of the P. E. O. society on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the residence of Miss Buchanan, 124 South Sixth East street.

Mrs. V. G. M. Smith and son, Burt, returned last night after a very pleasant visit with Mrs. J. C. Bishop of Logan.

Mrs. Polly Y. Cannon departs next week for Canada to visit the family of her son, Mr. Mark Y. Cannon.

Mrs. A. J. Bettles and two daughters have returned from a summer's vacation in California. Most of their time was pleasantly spent in Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Weir leave today for a three weeks' visit with relatives and friends in the New England states. During their absence the Buffalo exposition will be taken in and Mr. Weir will possibly call upon some of his business associates in New York and Boston.

Mrs. Lieutenant Charles E. McCullough and Miss Terhune leave Wednesday morning for San Francisco, from which place they will sail on the transport Sheridan on Saturday for Manila.

S. T. Vickery, a mining operator from Ouray, Colo., and Mrs. Harold J. Bell of Denver are visiting in this city with their old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Will Lett.

Mrs. Rachel Nobles and her daughter, Myrile, returned to their home at Lehi, Ariz., last evening, after having pleasantly spent the summer in this city with Mrs. Noble's sister, Mrs. Charlotte Jeffries.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Wilbur-Kirwin company opened its twelfth week at the Salt Palace last evening before a large audience. The bill is exclusively vaudeville, and its many good features were applauded until the rafters shook. One of the notable acts is entitled "The Four Tramps," in which the inimitable Kohnle and his companions in comedy, Muzzy, McGraw and Melior, participate. "Sunflower Sue" provides for a pretty effect, the girls putting their heads through a sunflower drop. Mr. Huff was warmly encored for his rendition of "Brown October Ale," and he responded with "Think Just Once More Before We Part." There is an act called "The Bowery" by the chorus girls, and many other delightful musical turns. The concluding feature is a burlesque on comic opera by Miss Kerwin and Mr. Kohnle. It is side-splitting in construction, yet musical enough to satisfy any lover of light things.

The programme, on the whole, is quite as entertaining as any yet heard at the Palace.

Pointed Paragraphs.

(Chicago News.)

The social need of the hour is chaperons for chaperons.

Never tell a girl she is pretty unless you intend to keep it up.

If a girl is pretty and doesn't know it she is truly handsome.

The average man finds it easier to meet his creditors than his bills.

A woman's idea of a fascinating man is one who keeps her guessing.

A man's opinions have more or less weight with his wife—usually less.

Men and women waste a lot of valuable time feeling sorry for each other.

There are moments in the life of every married man when he wishes he hadn't.

Many a physician would soon die of starvation if paid only for the patients he cures.

The tramp isn't necessarily an orator just because he takes the stump every time he sees a cast-off weed.

Lots of men seem to think that there is a patent on honest labor and they don't want to risk being infringers.

It is astonishing how ignorant railway officials are when asked for the details of an accident on their road.

Got It Reversed.

(New York Weekly.)

Irate Parson—I thought this railroad was for the benefit of the public.

Railroad Official—You're away off. The public is for the benefit of the railroad.

Etiquette For Lynching Parties.

(Kansas City Star.)

A certain Kansas City paper makes reference to an "angry" mob. Above all things a mob should keep its temper, and be pleasant about it.

A WORD ON MUSIC LESSONS.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Writes of the Piano Practice Hour of Children.

I DO NOT fear though poor my worldly store
And scant the riches that with me abide,
I wait the will of One whom I adore
And know the future years will bring me more.
He will provide.

I do not fear, though day may follow day
When darkling clouds their silver linings hide.
I know the sunshine yet will come my way;
No skies remain forever bleak and gray;
He will provide.

I do not fear when through dark nights of rain
My road leads on. I do but trust my Guide,
And know the journey will not be in vain,
And at the end, the recompense for pain
He will provide.

My Dear Madam—Not charity, but advice. Circumstances: Middle-aged lady, for eight years unable to walk. Rheumatism, "sticketh closer than a brother" type. Am walking now, a little. Through special treatment (gratis) have become enabled, very recently, to dress my hair and fasten my clothing. Although the benefactor is in extremely moderate circumstances, he has voluntarily offered to continue the treatment until I can reach my feet and walk up steps unaided. Income: All expended supporting one of the best but most unfortunate of brothers in an asylum for the insane (with the exception of about $50, which must cover clothing for both). Acquirements: Can copy or address envelopes when not hampered by a pin-pointed pen wedded to the idle end of a lead pencil by a bit of string.

With short experience have been successful in giving language lessons (English). Have been very successful in teaching children and adults piano, especially with those children who were disinclined to practice. Am thoroughly trained to a certain point in vocal music, but as I am a stranger in New York would prefer to try something not so overcrowded as teaching music.

My experience has told me that many mothers find the task of compelling their children to practice an extremely difficult one. (In passing, how cruel to force music into brains devoid of harmony!)

Do you think you could in some way, public or private, influence persons to allow me to attend daily to the piano practice of their children? I need to earn about $8 weekly in order to stay where I can receive the treatment referred to. (Miss) GEORGIE DAVIDSON.

I publish this letter hoping some of the restless women of wealth who are wondering what they can do to make life more interesting will give this invalid lady their patronage. It will, of course, require more effort than to send a check to a charity organization, but it will do both the giver and the recipient more good than the former method of benevolence.

Just in accordance with the amount of our interest and sympathy for a cause or a person our gifts carry benefit.

If we fling it out to some association or cause or person merely to get rid of a disagreeable sense of responsibility, or to make others feel we are "charitable," we might almost as well fling it into the sea, where it might float to some poor fisherman's feet.

But if we know and feel the worth and need of those we aid, our gifts carry love, tenderness and good luck with them.

The art of teaching children concentration while practicing on the piano is a great art. It is half—yes, two-thirds—the secret of all success in all things.

I knew a young mother who devoted an hour a day to her little daughter, who was taking music lessons, but whom she observed was inclined to "dawdle" away the hour of practice looking out of the window, taking part in the conversation going on about her, and yawning and sighing and looking at the clock.

Instead of scolding the child she sat with her to watch her practice—called her attention to the agreeable chorus, complimented her on her fingering and kept the child's mind on her lesson. She continued this an entire year—busy woman that she was—and at the end of that time the little girl had made such astonishing progress that her own ambition and pride and interest in the study enabled the mother to leave her to herself while she practiced.

Few mothers are willing to give an hour a day to such a purpose; many cannot. But there are hundreds of women in New York financially able to employ a worthy and needy person like my correspondent to help their children practice through the drudgery stages of music.

Every child ought to know something about music. I used to think it should only be taught the geniuses, but I have changed my mind.

There are hours and times when I feel the greatest longing to express myself in music. I have heard many other mature people say the same. Even the sounding of a few chords is a distraction and a pleasure. I know an old lady who is waiting impatiently for the call to the other shore, and who sighs, "Oh, if I had only been taught to play some musical instrument in my youth, how it would help me pass the time now."

So teach your children music, my dear ladies, unless they are utterly devoid of ability in that direction, and let them be taught how to practice at the same time. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

College Girls in Business.

By . . . Winifred Black.

FOUR Chicago university girls have opened a hairdressing establishment in the sacred precinct of the Midway.

They are poor girls, who intend to take this method of working their way through college.

They hope to get the patronage of the college girls who are not working their way through, and they ought to make a pretty penny of profit out of it. So far, so good.

The four girls are all bright students, well known to the faculty, but they are taking assumed names in their business.

They say they do this because they do not want their friends outside to know what they are doing. So far, so bad.

What's the matter with you, girls? If you are ashamed of doing hairdressing why do you do it? Friends—fudge! If you have any friends worth having they'll be proud of you and proud of your pluck, ingenuity and industry.

If they're not proud of you they're not worth having. Any one who despises you for doing honest work honestly is a very good person to despise. The idea of a girl who has had sense enough and enterprise enough to think out a brand new way of earning a good education being afraid of the opinion of a shallow-witted snob!

Why, it's like a great lion hiding his head and beginning to tremble when he sees a mouse. The snob girl is the one to tremble, sisters. Make fun of her, laugh at her, let her know just what a goose she is.

Don't worry about her opinion. Your opinion is the thing that counts. Pride—real pride—is a splendid thing. It will carry you through where nothing else on earth will do it, but it must be real pride, not vanity.

The pride of the kind so deep rooted in a sense of one's own real use in the world that nothing can shake it.

I heard two women talking in a theatre one night. One was the leading woman and one was the soubrette. They were talking about the ballet girls.

"I say," said the leading woman, "you know that tall girl in the second row?" "Yes," said the soubrette. "Well, she has a history. I would'nt be afraid to bet that she's some girl of good family and fine social position. She's just in the ballet to learn the business."

"What makes you think so?" said the soubrette. "Why, she offered to help me dress tonight when she saw I was in a hurry." "Goodness," said the soubrette, here eyes getting large and round, "she must be one of the Four Hundred." And she was.

I investigated and found out, of course. Miss Rebecca Loudovinsky of the tenements, or Miss Mary Dunnigan of the flats, would never offer to help a leading woman dress. "What! Me a servant!" she'd say. "Indeed I'm too much of a lady to demean myself."

The real society girl wasn't afraid of "demeaning" herself. She knew who she was and what her position in the world was too well to fear losing it by a little common civility.

I never hear a woman say that she's too proud to do some kind of honest work and let her friends and neighbors know that she's doing it without thinking of the lady in the ballet.

They know how to do these things down south. Have you ever been there? Go into any shop in any southern city in America and you are quite likely to be waited upon by a girl whose voice, manner and every line in her face tells a story of good blood and good birth.

Is she ashamed of working for a living? Not she. She's one of the Carrols of Carrolton. Everybody knows her and everybody respects her for facing the hard situation left by the war with the courage and the genuine pride of the Carrols of Carrolton.

The old story of the Duke of Argyle is a good one. Do you remember it? He fell in with a strange company in some traveling adventure and was seated at a table in a motley crowd. Some one found out who he was and bustled up to him with a great show of obsequious civility.

"Your grace," he said, "we did not know you. Come, take the head of the table." The duke smiled kindly up at the man. "My good fellow," he said, "wherever I sit is the head of the table."

Now, a commoner would never have said that. It took a duke to do it or a plain American citizen.

Be a duke, girls, and if you can't be a duke be a dukess.

Fortify yourself so strongly in honest pride that all who look at you shall know that wherever you sit is the head of the table, whether you sit at a mahogany board with a damask cloth in the company of the great of the earth or whether you draw up to a common little pine table with a red and yellow oilcloth cover on it.

Open your hairdressing shop and put your name on it in good, big letters, so that every passerby may notice that four independent, plucky, quick-witted, enterprising American girls have gone to work and that they are not ashamed of it. WINIFRED BLACK.

LEGAL LAUGHS.

Examples of Dry Humor From the Bench.

(Law Notes for August.)

There is nothing sacred about a replevin suit.—Judge Ladd, in 105 Iowa, 116.

A steamboat is not a person.—Judge Scott, in 20 Missouri, 519.

A colored preacher is not worthless.—Judge Brewer, in 25 Kan., 292.

An able-bodied man can earn 10 cents a day, and can afford to pay his divorced wife $3 a month as alimony.—Judge Ruffin, in 84 N. C., 35.

A man does not court and marry a woman for the mere pleasure of paying for her board and washing.—Judge Paxton, in 112 Pa. State, 244.

The fact that a man married a second wife during the lifetime of the first is not sufficient to convict him of insanity.—Smith's case, 22 Pa. Co. Ct., 187, affirmed 12 Pa. Super. Ct., 649.

Learning in the law is not declared a qualification for the office of justice of the peace.—Judge Brickell, in 68 Ala., 43.

If matrimony produces bankruptcy, it is all wrong; but, if bankruptcy produces matrimony, it is all right.—Judge Parnell in 107 Federal Reporter, 682.

A negro family is not, per se, a nuisance.—Judge Brewer, in 29 Kan., 262.

Entering a house by breaking locks, doors, windows and bolts is not a peaceable entry.—18 N. J. Law, 240.

A dead man is not a patient.—Judge Van Fleet in 116 Cal., 156.

The Public Wrong as Usual.

(Chicago News.)

John Bright once wrote a leading article for the old Morning Star, of which he was a part proprietor. The popular notion was that Mr. Bright wrote most of the leading articles for the Star, but, like many popular notions, it was not true. There reached the editor one morning, however, a long and monotonous "leader" from the celebrated statesman. Its badness, though it may have inspired the editor with disgust, did not inspire him with courage to refuse to print the article, and it duly appeared. The next morning a tory journal, replying to Mr. Bright's "leader," began: "The great tribune has laid aside his pen and some miserable hireling of the Morning Star has taken it up."

Splinter Mightier Than the Sword.

(Ohio State Journal.)

Circus Manager—What's all that row in the dressing room?

Attendant—Oh, the man who walks barefooted on swords ran a splinter in his foot.

His Preferences.

(Philadelphia Press.)

City Barber (to Scotch visitor after shaving)—Little bay rum, sir?

Scotch Visitor—Well, I'm na fond o' rum, but I wadna refuse a drap o' whisky.

WOE IN CHINATOWN.

Policemen With Pigtails Spoil the Pleasures of the Pipe.

(San Francisco Call.)

"Run! Here come the Fat Devil's men!"

"Run faster! Hide the beans of the fantan! The men of the Fat Devil are in pursuit!"

There is a squealing, a screeching like the noise of pigs, a chattering like the noise of monkeys; a scurry of soft white soles; a rushing of blouse-clad figures down smelly passages and a huddling of the luckiest of them in some black hole whither the Devil and the Devil's men never penetrate. But these are few, and even they search each other's eyes anxiously.

"Will the Fat Devil's men learn the way even to this retreat before long?" they ask one another.

And, "In that they have gone so far already, why not farther?" they reply.

For the Fee Guee of Chinatown, the famous Sergeant Conboy, whom the Chinese have named the Fat Devil, has a quartette of officers in his squad that are playing such havoc with the well regulated law-breaking Chinatown that the drowsy opium smokers are awake at last with consternation and the lookouts in the gambling dens shudder at the warnings of their anxious masters.

"Peace can no longer be found in the enjoyment of a soothing pipe," sighs the smoker.

"The charms of the game are marred," groans the gambler.

"The time is fraught with danger," complains all Chinatown.

And all because this quartette of Sergeant Conboy's is as perfect a group of actors as ever played in private off the stage.

Since the latter part of June, when they were put on duty in the Chinese quarter, they have been offering a continuous performance in which they appeared as lightning change artists. Officer John Tillman—Big Jack, you know—has presto changed from a reeling, drunken soldier into a door-smashing policeman. Jerome Tyrrell—he's Jerry—has appeared as the calmest of Celestials one minute and the fiercest of law enforcers the next. They have played the parts of soldiers, of Chinamen, of tramps, and they say that their roles are not nearly exhausted—in fact, only begun—and that, like other actors, they have many changes of bill in store. Their costume room proves it.

The continuous performance commenced when Sergeant Conboy took them up there a few weeks ago. He had ideas of his own as to how this Chinatown business should be conducted.

"You've got to fight men with their own weapons, meet them on their own ground," he argued.

"What is always the Chinaman's weapon?

Strategy.

Every time. He never resorts to storm. And neither does Sergeant Conboy.

"As long as these people resort to cunning to gain their ends we have got to resort to cunning to overcome them," he argued, and he started his men upon their campaign of ruse, of play-acting. At the end of three weeks they had made half a dozen raids upon opium dens, as many upon fantan games and still as many upon lottery houses. They had arrested and caused to be fined 118 Chinese; no one of them got off for less than $10. The squad was hated and dreaded and pointed out in warning from Broadway to California street and from Kearny to Stockton streets.

"Come and see the new Devils that you may learn to fear," said these people when the squad arrived.

So it came about that all Chinatown, except the 12,000 who are summering out of town, was on the corner of Washington and Dupont streets, on the day when the five took up their headquarters there, and all Chinatown returned home with the features of those five indelibly impressed upon their minds for reference in emergency cases.

"Jerry is largely like a great mountain," they said.

He is "Big Jack," who made his first fame as special policeman at the Orpheum, and is a combination of serene good temper and iron muscle, which is a most excellent combination, especially in his business.

"Two of them are tall and without flesh, but strongly knit," they said. "The one has a powerful arm and the other has a firm mouth."

They are Tyrrell and Richter.

"The fourth is a little higher than one of these cut in half, but as broad as the two halves put together."

That one is R. M. Barry.

"The master of the four is a man with a pleasant smile, but an eye that betokens danger for us. He is the Fat Devil."

That's the sergeant.

And in spite of the fact that every man, woman and child within those dozen blocks took notes on the personnel of the squad on the day of their arrival, nevertheless, they have succeeded in disguising themselves so cleverly time and again that they have created a panic by their series of raids.

Jerry Tyrrell made himself famous in the raid at 813½ Washington street. He was disguised as a Chinaman, and the result was eighteen prisoners marched off to the hall of justice.

"You're too tall for a Chinaman; you're too tall by far, Jerry," said Barry.

"And haven't you ever seen a tall Chinaman?" put in the sergeant, who could listen to no croaking.

"Your nose is too big," objected Tillman, who perhaps envies Tyrrell's Roman profile.

"And what's the reason that noses can't grow big in the climate of China?" cried the sergeant.

Tyrrell's nose, however, was a drawback. Conboy afterward told someone of the makeup in this wise:

"We greased him and we painted him and we tailed him; we put him into a smock and a skull cap and cork-soled shoes; and if it hadn't been for the nose of him he'd have got past the second door without a murmur.

"But his nose is too big. If he'd had one of those hit-in noses like a Chinaman he'd have been all right. I asked one of the prisoners afterward how they knew him, and he says to me, 'Nosy too big,' says he, and he hooked his fingers like that to show me."

Even so, Tyrrell did immensely clever work. His makeup was as perfect as it could be; his face was carefully painted to the right color; his eyes were narrowed, his costume was correct.

He sauntered down Washington street with his shoulders high, his feet shuffling. At 8:05 he turned in casually. It was 8:30 o'clock. Light and shadows were battling. Nobody noticed him.

The lookout had no suspicions. He saw a big Chinaman coming to the game, that was all. The big Chinaman dropped in.

The lookout had merely given a glance through the wicket. This was evidently a friend. All was well.

So past the first door.

Up the dark passage Tyrrell shuffled and no alarm was given.

At the second door he already felt himself successful. As he reached it, though, a strong light struck his face.

The guard gave him a sharp glance and halted in the act of letting him in. The face looked strange, was his quick thought. Without comprehending the ruse he sniffed trouble in the air.

On the instant he gave his warning. There was a sound of confusion inside. Tyrrell took in the situation. He threw the guard aside and wrenched his way in.

There were the Chinamen. There, on the table, lay the evidence. It was beans, but it was evidence.

The big man let his cap fall, he cast off his robe. With a sweep of his arm he had the cowering, whimpering, chattering law-breakers covered with his revolver. One of them made an attempt to throw the evidence away, but Tyrrell warded off the attempt.

He had already given his signal. The rest of the squad broke in.

On the way to the prison with the eighteen men arrested, even the sergeant got mixed up now and then. "Stand back there!" he shouted to his own officer.

And the elevator man who takes Tyrrell up and down, to and from the prison every day, also cried: "Stand back, there!"

When I asked him if he didn't risk his life in the act of breaking in he disclaimed any bravery. They all do that. I don't know whether there is risk or not. They claim that the Chinese never draw a weapon on an officer.

"They are half asleep all the time," Tillman said. "They don't know whether they're dreaming or not when they're arrested. They're so full of their opium that they don't pay much attention to anything."

In the prison they upheld his words. I went over there to see them after he made his great raid on the Jackson street lottery and they were sitting in a drowsy row on the bench, the seven of them, calmly, stoically submitting to the situation. They were prepared to charge up their $10 fine to profit and loss.

These seven were taken when Big Jack played the drunken soldier. I was going up Dupont street when I saw him rolling down Jackson. He was brown with what looked like Manila brown and was in reality the color that comes in boxes. He wore a broad hat and a swashing blue overcoat and he had to all appearances a beautiful, happy jag. He followed the capricious path that led him to a door a few feet below Fish alley and there he stopped and tumbled half way into the entrance.

It was the door of a lottery house. The lookout was off his guard at the commonplace sight of a drunken soldier.

Big Jack says it was a shame to take the prisoners, it was so easy. He had the lookout silenced by a blow from a sober fist and the rest was as smooth as butter.

Quick on his heels followed the sergeant. From across the street appeared Tyrrell and Richter. Barry, who has a genius for appearing where he is needed, sprang up out of the ground.

They had come quietly from different points so as not to attract attention. It was on the dot of 3 that they all reached the door of the den.

The loitering Chinese stopped. More gathered.

"What's the matter?" asked the fruit seller indifferently.

"It's a raid!" squealed the old man who sells brass thimbles and cotton handkerchiefs and two-bit spectacles. "It's a raid on a lottery!" And he ran as fast as his creaking legs would take him, and I could have walked off with all the thimbles and handkerchiefs and spectacles.

"It's a raid!" shouted everybody who shouted in English, and the Chinese chattered excited monosyllables, that meant the same thing.

A few seconds later the squad emerged with seven captives. Every one of the seven held a lottery ticket. Those tickets were the evidence.

The sergeant carried a sledge hammer. It was the only weapon he had left, for he had broken his stick on somebody. The whole five of them were mopping their foreheads, and looked as I imagined prize fighters do after several rounds.

"We got 'em," they said. They were satisfied.

Judge Conlan, who has seen "Big Jack" in court every day this so long, met him in the hall.

"How are you?" he said, shaking hands. (Aside—"Who on earth is he? I know the face all right, but who is he?") And aloud: "Well, how did you leave Manila?"

He was still groping.

It was not until the next day that he placed him. "The drinks are on me," he said.

Barry's favorite role is that of a tramp. Richter, too, has made his fame in that line. They gained entrance to a gambling den in that guise. Then, taking advantage of a commotion made for the purpose, Barry slipped under the bed, and when the game was again in full swing pounced upon the Chinese.

"This subterfuge must never again succeed," they warned each other solemnly, and now the first step in a game is to look under the bed.

Once they found big Barry there. He lay as tightly squeezed as Barry ever was, wondering what moment was to be the last of his suffocation, when a yellow face peeped through the slit of light against the floor.

"Wha foh?" came in excited tones.

"Wha foh? Wha foh?" and the odd was surrendered as to how this Chinatown business should be conducted.

Pointed Paragraphs.

(Chicago News.)

The sharpest man has his blunt points.

Many an innocent man is condemned—to serve on a jury.

Some men seem to think they are better than they ought to be.

Sometimes a man misleads people by being perfectly honest with them.

Take things as they come—then call in a physician for further information.

Family quarrels wouldn't be so bad if other families would only keep out of them.

Some men owe all they have in this world to others—and some owe a lot more than they have.

Even a sensible woman likes to think that some good man is making a fool of himself about her.

With the exception of a fussy woman there is nothing on earth so disagreeable as a fussy man.

The man who never makes an enemy may be a good man, but it's difficult to determine just what he is good for.

A good many courtships are carried on by moonshine—and the matrimonial results are apt to be mostly moonshine.

It must make a man feel cheap when he hears his wife tell another woman what a matrimonial bargain she got.

If some people were deaf and dumb it would undoubtedly be a great blessing—for those who are compelled to associate with them.

Dr. Gatling's Motor Plow.

(New York World.)

St. Louis.—Dr. R. J. Gatling, who invented the first rapid fire gun of modern warfare and made peace between nations a question of convenience rather than diplomacy, has turned his attention toward farm machinery, and proposes to revolutionize existing agricultural methods.

Dr. Gatling is the inventor of a motor plow which, he asserts, will accomplish from a comparative standpoint on the farm what his gun did on the field of battle. The startling claim is made by the great inventor that his plow, under the guidance of one man, will break the surface of a thirty-acre field in a single day.

Beside the motor plow there are other farm implements which are being considered. It is the intention to erect a large factory in St. Louis.

Reminiscence.

(Washington Star.)

"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "do you remember the moonlit evening when I asked you to marry me?"

"I trust, Leonidas, that you are not going to become sentimental and silly."

"Not a bit of it. But I often recall the occasion with interest. I can never quite understand how I managed to talk so familiarly to you without seeming impertinent."

Unreasonable.

(Washington Star.)

"I really don't know what to do," said the vivacious woman. "It is very difficult to please the world."

"What is the difficulty?" asked her husband.

"People are so unreasonable in their comments. If you tell all you hear, they say you are a gossip, and if you don't they say you are stupid and common place."